## Lotus

the name suited her. Even in her craftle the dreamy wide blue even from orchids and vines and hanging ferns. cradle the dreamy, wide blue eyes far-off Eastern flower. A few sour-faced Spanish survivals curled their thin has and made rude remarks. But if they reached Mrs. Devalue she only smiled. regarding complacestly her own unwrinkled leveliness. Armand Devaine was by descent a Frenchman, and had brought his wife home to his plantations in Trinidad. from the banks of the Nile. Among his friends in the Western world none had ever known the history of his marriage. But in Cairo the story of his escape with the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants had been a nine days' wonder. And as he was one of the richest sugar planters. in the West Indies the Island accepted his lovely wife as a pleasant surprise.

When, after the birth of Lotus, the years went by without giving Devaine an heir, the interest of everyone with a marriage-nile son centred zealously round the girl. By the time she had reached the age of seventeen Lotus Devalue was a name to

conjure by, Between her coquetry and the adamantine refusal of her father to accept any suitor, one and all of her swains had a very hard time of it. Mrs. Devains had been brought up in a habit of passive obe-dience, and in exchanging a father for a

dience, and in exchanging a father for a husband she morely changed masters. She newer dreamt of questioning his decisions, yet she wondered more than once why her husband rejected so uncompromisingly so many offers to all appearances suitable.

The girl herself reveled in the power of it. Spoilt and petited from her earliest days, she was a very tyrant of coquetry. Yet withat she had the depth and intensity of her father's mind, and something of his obstinacy, too, and in her heart was the same still capacity for enduring love and passion that had made her mother the idol of her father's heart, even after twenty of her father's heart, even after twenty years of marriage. She was amused at the flerce frenzies of her lovers, the heat of their jealousies, the tragedy of their destheir jealousies, the tragedy of their des-pairs. She had a dramatic mind, quaintly practical, ever—searching the humorous side of things. The tropical ferveurs of the young men who wooed her fitted in so beautifully with the yellow glars of the sun on the drooping canes, with the great, arched reaches of the cocoanut palms, the flaming of flowers whose life was measured by a week.

She was the more amused because, deep in her heart, she held the shield of a se-eret that rendered impossible the sur-render of herself to another. Like most girls, she valued manly strength higher than finesse in words or wit in compliment, and her warm, passionate heart had ever guarded a particular shrine for he-ro-worship. And in front of this shrine there had glowed for three years a fire of cevotion for Larry Tighe, her father's sub-manager. Its origin was simple

When Lotus was little over fourteen Larry had been sent by her father to bring her back from the school at San Fernando. The coolie rebellion was just over and the reads were not over safe. Some ten miles out from the town, as Larry and his charge were cantering gently along, they were suddenly surprised by a party of eight or nine coolies, armed with machetes and sticks. Mr Devaine had taken a prominent part in squashing the rebellion, and a gang of refusees, having got word of his daughter's home-coming, had determined to capture her and hold her to a heavy ransom.

Lerry found himself in a grave posi-

tion. There was no unitaking the evil intentions of the encircling gang. The read, flat and straight, showed to help was in sight. On one side entended a half-burnt canchrake offering no cover: on the other a stretch of marshy flats, lined on the rondside by a few straggling trees. Larry's eyes regarded the trees dublously. In three minutes the coolies

Miss Lotus!" he said, catching "New, take my revolver, and if any of "New, take my revolver, and if any of them try and get up, don't be afraid, but shoot straight at them. And for the love of Heaven, Miss Lotus, don't shut mind."

when Mr. Devaine, touching him on the arm, remarked, "We'll get our little busi-ness over now, Brayton, if you don't love of Heaven, Miss Lotus, don't shut your eyes when you shoot."

Then, shifting the thong of his lended crop over his wrist, and grasping the supple cane lightly, he turned and rode on the coolies. They had watched the previous proceeding with surprise, and as he charged they closed up. Lotus, peeping through the follage, with flushed face and eager, luminous eyes, watched

Larry had not much notion of what ex-netly he was going to do when he charged. But as he dashed on to the charged. But as he dashed on to the scattering group, and his eyes caught the scattering group, and his eyes caught the ner he had all the aggressive pomposity of a successful insurance agent. He had swung his crop right and left feeling a long discarded sugar for cacao, with the sweet sensation of satisfaction as it thudded singing on to head or arm or shoulder. Then his horse gave a great stagger as one of the coolies deftly houghed it, and he was just in time, as it fell heavily to the ground, to leap free of its agonized plungings, and turn to meet the rush. He was facing the girl new, and she felt a thrill of fear as she noted the hot light in his great the price of sugar fell his greaters. his grey eyes, the close, trap-like setting of his lips. With wild yells the coolies rushed on, crouching and leaping like cats. But even as they came the deadly crop launched out, swinging right and left and laying two forms motionless on the ground. It was enough for the rest. turned and fled, scattering in the It was with a heavy heart that Larry

turned to put his mustang out of its mis-ery. When he had finished he found Lotus at his side, her eyes gazing on him with a half-adoring directness that brought the blood to his cheeks and made him notice for the first time in his busy existence that his master's daughter was bewitchingly beautiful. His ride home was a kind of tingling dream. For the girl, pleading her fear of further pursuit, instated on his mounting her mustang, while she, riding behind, clung on to his waist. It was not a comfortable posi-tion for either of them, but they were tion for either of them, but they were both blisafully unconscious of the ridges of the saddle.

From that day Lotus had given her heart to the gay Irishman-and, all unknowingly, had stolen his. Yet Larry had all the honor of his race and all its pride. As far as was possible he avoided his master's daughter, telling himself that he was a "poor divil" on a hindred a year, and she the heiress of as many thousands. Yet he had, too, the sanguine temperament of the Celt, and on all his excursions was forever poking his nose into out-of-the-day places in the hope of finding fortune in mother earth. And just about the time that Lowas approaching her seventeenth ay it was noticed by many that had suddenly grown less shy of the bungalow, and that his manner towards Mr. Devaine was much more selfassured and independent than had hith-

erto been his wont. Mrs. Devaine, with a woman's intuldivined at once that he was in love h Lotus, and—what gave her more anxiety-that Lotus showed herself extraordinarily susceptible when the man-ager was discussed disparegingly. Even more desirous than her husband that Lotus should make a good marriage, she in-stantly acquainted him with her suspi-cions, and thus brought to a climax the crisis in the disposal of her daughter. Mr. Devaine's action was promptly tak-en. He sought his daughter in her favorite nook on the veranda, when the balcony

VERYONE in Trinidad agreed that was shaded by a subdued blaze of color

What is it, little father?" she said, suggested recollections of the looking up at him lovingly. He was a Bastern flower. A few sour-faced handsome man, stender in build, with survivals curied their tain has black, crisp hair, clean-shaven, scholarly face, prominent chin, long, straight none, an inflexible curve about the lips, and eyes of a deep, luminous black-in him. Perhaps the unswerving obedience of her mother to his slightest wish had really lent him a somewhat despotle manner which his daughter grew to exing in her had been intensified by a habit ody irritability that had frequently on him. Now seeing his grave face and drawn brows, she rose and moved a chair toward him. "In a few days," he said to her, going

straight to the point, "you will be sev-enteen. On that day I have arranged for your betrothal to my old friend Roger Drayton. You will then accept him as your future husband, and your marriage will take place six months later. He is a rich man, and you will have everything

to make you happy.'

The girl listened to him with a paling face and lips half-parted in dumb protest. The mutinous set of her mouth as he finished brought a sort of wonder to

He had all the French idea of a father's right to arrange the marriage of his daughter, and never for a moment had it occurred to aim that Lotus would prove untractable. Her very conduct hitherto in laughtingly supporting his re-jection of suitors she had apparently liked had only served to intensify his "Don't let me have any scenes, I beg

you," he said, anticipating her outburst.
"My mind is quite made up; everything
is arranged; and my will and the care I

But Mr. Drayton, father!" she gasped. an indignant look flushing her eyes. "He is so old!—and so very ugly. Why, he est be as old as you are.

"I am not aware that I am so very old," he answered, stiffly, rising, "How-ever, the matter is scitled, and when Drayton arrives I trust your common sense will have returned-and your cour-

Lotus watched him talk solemnly away, hen, dropping into the great arm-chair, he curled herself up and fell into a reveric. At the end of half an hour her face dimpling, curving lips a tender half-shy, but wholly resolute, was play-

"Manana! Manana!" she whispered, slowly. "Tomorrow the betrothal-but

Then she tripped gaily off in search of her old coolie nurse and confidante, whom all the world called Coco by reason of her resemblance to an aged paroquet.

The day of the betrethal came, finding Lotus in a mood of dippant obedience that taxed her father's patience sorely. The went through the public betrothal ceremony with a mock air of reguish coquetry that made her mother blink and her fathat made her mother blink and her fa-ther mutter strange French oaths. Dray-ion, however, found her enthraling, and Larry, who had purposely been in-vited by Devaine, wiressed the affair with a stolld imperturbability that utterly discounted Mrs. Devaine's sur Roger Drayton, however, as he stood behind a large palm at the doorway, watching Lotus bid the guesta farewell after the dejeuner, received a sudden check to his bliss.

For as Larry clasped the girl's hand he distinctly saw her pass a note to him, and heard the words, "Five o'clock, water-fall"."

The suddeness of the shock took his breath away, and he stood for some mo-ments gazing vindictively after the swinging, youthful figure of the Irishman. her bridle-rein and dra 'ng her horse alongside one of the trees. "Stand on the locked at his watch and found it was your maddle and climb up into the branches. There! Splendid!" he shoutresolved to be a party to the rendervous

For a moment he was tempeted to recount what had passed, but he thought better of it. He was of a suspicious na-ture, and he thought he could manage a little eavesdropping without Devaine's as signance. He followed his friend into his sfudy, and, with ill-concealed impatience, listened to the planter's prosings over the

day's events. He was a small, corpulent man, with a hard, legal-looking face, rather thick lips, round, hald skull, a short nose, and large, fierce moustache. His eyes were small, and new economizing engines became vital necessity, Devalue had accepted the winking furiously, as other a profilered loans with the casy resurance of a spendithrift receiving an advance from a Jew, never dreaming that the Jew would have the logical impertanence of considering him a fool. In this way, little by little, Devaine's whole estates had glided under mortgage, until he found, by the time Lotus was affects, that he owed Drayton some forty thousand be funny?" she gasped, "Isn't pounds, with practically no chance of

an alliance would unite the estates, can-cel the bonds, and put his daughter in the position she had a right to expect. He regards Devaine did not like it at first, but two had seasons and the constant recurrence of the idea accustomed him to the thought of it. He felt a considerable delicacy, however, in approaching the subject this afternoon, and for a long time beat about

Drayton, however, was finely uncon clous of such susceptibility. He had ought Lotus and looked to pay the price. and being no niggard, considered he had

his bargain.
"You want to speak about the mort-gages, man?" he said, bluntly, at length.
"Well, I'll send them up to my lawyer this week, and you can tie them on to your girl as fast as you like. For not the man to do a thing sail-way. And now i'm off for a ride. I saw your daughter go off a while ago, and I may as well do a bit of courting, now everything's above

Devaine had, however, kept him a long time, and it was after five before his horse was brought round.

horse was brought round.

The planter's estates were large, extending almost from the sea some three miles inland to a spur of broken hills, thickly wooded, in the east. The road to the hills lay between the sugar canes which stretched away to the left, and the long avenues of cocoanut palms, which made on the right a pleasant contrast. The road was very sandy, the glare of the

The road was very sandy, the glare of the sun coppery and oppressive, and Drayton had drunk many healths that day. By the time he reached the hills he was irritable, and inclined to be aggressive.

Meanwhile Larry and Lotus had been having a cool talk in the shade at the foot of a silvery fall of water—that, blue, sparkling, and tinkling, made a pleasant undertone of music as it fell into a fair-sized pool and trickled slowly away into the forest depths. the forest depths.

For two days before, as Larry had been

She was a wigened, curious old woman. with deep, burning eyes, wrinkled face, hocked nose and chin, and in her linen garb and bright-colored shawl and prosion of silver bangles she made a quaint,

half-mad picture in the dim light.

Larry laughed genially, striving to rebut the sudden tingling at his heart.

"Perhaps," he said, "Coco! But why do you ask?"

There is a mem-sahib," replied the old man, "who also thinks much of love con she sits all alone and sighing under a trees where the waters fall." When does she sit there?" said Larry

his eyes shining and his heat thumping now imperiously.

When the dawn has not yet dried the

when the dawn has hot yet dried the dew," replied Lotus' nurse, and then, without another word, glided away.

But it had been enough, and the next morning he had found Lotus by the waterfall-a shy, half-ashamed look in her eyes, but an air of sweet expectancy about her timid greeting that changed to one of wholly blushing surrender before the im-pulsive arder of his wooing.

It had taken Larry some time to per-suade the girl into going through the semblance of a betrothal to Drayton. But he at length prevailed.

semblance of a betrothal to Drayton. But he at length prevailed.
"Sure, darling," he had said, "it is just buying you, he is. Not that he wouldn't, the beast, be glad to have you for noth-ing. But he has your father under his thumb, and he dare not say 'no."

The suggestion of being gold roused Lo-lus to a force result, and she gave in to-

tus to a fierce revolt, and she gave in, re-lying on Larry's promise to her. For he had said to her. "The very day of the te-trothal, my darling, I will have the money and pay off those same martgages myself No! I won't tell you a word about it until then—but my luck's turned at last, and it will not be a poor man you'll wed." When Larry met her at the tryst he was

as good as his word. She listened with breathless interest as the manager told her how, nearly twelve months ago, he had stumbled on an almost land-locked cove whose waters, heavy and glistening with oil, had attracted his attention. Afwith oil, had attracted his attention. Arter a minute search he had borrowed from Mr. Devalue enough money to buy up the surrounding land, experts had confirmed his suspicions, and the day before he had sold his land, which was literally sonked with petroleum, to a company, and had £75,000 now in the bank at San Fernando.

In the blissful content of the news the two were slitting on the trunk of a great tree, gazing silently into the pool. Lar-ry's arm was round the girl's waist, her face was resting on his shoulder, upturnded in a fearless gaze of worship. Roger Drayton, picking his way stealthily through the bushes, stood arrested at the sight. Naturally it did not seem to him that the two made a delightfully Arcadian

picture. Yet they were perfectly suited. Larry was a long, supple-limbed, square-shouldered Celt, with a true Hi-bernian face, oval, quizzical, serious, with a wide, laughing mouth, deep, quick grey eyes, and hair of a crisp, tawny yellow. With his white coat buttoned to the threat, his half-tops and spurs, his topee pushed back from the brow, he looked more like an Indian cavalry officer taking it easy than a hard-worked sugar-over-

And Loftus certainly was sufficient excuse for his idling. Her eyes were of that deep velvety blue which in the sun-light seems violet, at night sloe-black. Her face was of that round contour, so soft, fugitive, and bewitching, which is the chief beauty of the fairest Eastern girls. A small, rather impertment, bose-lips that in the drawing of a breath could he at once mocking, acductive, langour-ous, and mulinous, or as now, with their pretty scarlet curves rippling to a smile of utter contempt; tiny shell-like cars, a mass of red-gold hair waving Eack from a brow white and broad, and gathered in a knot low on the neck; a form slender, girlish, but exquisitely molded, with the tiniest of hands and feet: a frock of delicate clinging white dis-tractingly low at the round, smooth throat; this form and that face nestling into the pervading embrace of the Irishman: such was the picture that Roger Drayton looked upon from his covert in

Not for long, however! His souse of possession had ever been keen. With a yell he dashed forward, and before Larry could recover his surprise he had sent oment he had seized Lotus by the wrist, "You'll come home with me," he said, a grimly snarling tone. "We'll see in a grimly snarling tone.

what your father says to my promised wife philandering with a penniless jacka-napes like that. I'll cure you of that, my mistress, when we're married."
"Larry!" called Lotus. "Larry! Don't ou see he is hurting my wrists horri-

Larry had just picked himself up, and was staring somewhat stupidly at the two. The words electrified him, however. With a bound he cleared the tree, and, as Drayton, with uplifted crop, turned to meet him, Larry dived under the blow, caught the man by his capacious middle, and, swinging him clear at ove his head, hurled him straight and plumb into the centre of the pool.

Lotus, frightened, clung trembling on to "Oh, Larry," she said, "have you killed

"Devil a bit!" replied Larry, with a "He could never drown with his grin. circumference." They waited till they saw Drayton Soundering to the bank. His bald head, with its few erect bairs, his spluttering expression of impotent uncomfortable malevolence, his fierce eyes blinking and winking furiously, and, above all, the lu-dineus webbling of his body as he struck

Larry only grished. He was rather ashamed of himself and sorry for Draytop. But Loius went into peals of uncontrollable laughter.

out for the side, were too much for the

ounds, with practically no chance of ever leing able to do more than pay the increst.

It was then that Drayton suggested that lous appearance struck sudden fear to the lous appearance struck sudden fear to the lous appearance. He regarded them, silently, a few mo

ments, then in a strained, resping voice, hourse with the passion of outraged vanity, he said to Lotus: "If your father could give with you

hundred sovereigns to each hair of you empty head I would not take you now But I'll make you and yours repent this day's work. And when you and your dainty mether and value peaceck of a father are out in the street—"
"Clear!" interrupted Larry, sharply,

with an imperative gesture. Drayton gave him a mallmant glance, swung on his heel, and disappeared into the bush.

When, an hour later, Larry and Lotus entered the bungalow it was with no little trepidation, in spite of their heroic resoves. They did not become more reassured by meeting Mrs. Devaine crossing the long dining-room on her way from her hyshand's study. "Oh, Lotus." she said, tearfully, you have ruined your father. He is waiting for you-you had

Wait for me, darling," said Larry

sitting at the door of his hut, he had been startled by the sudden appearance of a coolie woman whom he at once recognized as Coco, Lorus' nurse.

Buther wouldn't melt in his mouth till he heard Drayton had called him a vain peacock; Then he got very red and began to fisten, and when I showed him She approached him mysteriously, sa-laaming with one hand, with the other holding her mouth.

"The sahib," she said, as she arrived close to him; "the sahib thinks much of love".

"The sahib," she said, as she arrived love "" he sahib thinks much of was as father by as a hen over a basket of eggs. But thin he went all pale and pulled out a noise. Now what do you think that blackguard Brayton has done? It appears your father never bothered to pay the last inverest of the mortgage, and your father has lost his right to redeem. That old Jew can foreclose at any blessed minit, and has written a note to say he'll send his solicitors in two or three days. send his selicitors in two or three days

to take possession."

"Oh, Larry, shall we really be turned out" cried Lotus.

"Your father thinks so," he replied;
"but I have got a notion of how I can make that fellow sell me the mortgages, I have all the particulars here, and I am off to San Fernando already that way."

off to San Fernando straight away."
It was late that night when Larry arrived in the township and sought the house of Devaine's solicitor. From him house of Devaine's solicitor. From him he learned that Drayton could undoubtedly take possession of Devaine's estate, and, so aided, utterly beggar him. "He will never consent to sell now," said the lawyer, after hearing the account of all that had happened. "There is persuasion and persuasion," said Larry, orneularly. "Anyhow, just

draw me a regular release of all these mortgages in proper form and a receipt for the money."
"You will have to be quick if you are

going to catch Drayton tomerrow," said the solicitor, as he parted from Larry an hour later. "His lawyer sent round to me tonight to ask me to confer with him and his client tomorrow at 10. I daresay he'll

his client tomorrow at 10, I daresay he'll be bringing up the deeda."
"Thanks," said Larry, cheerfully, "I'm not intending to lose any time."

He knew the way to Drayton's estate, and, taking it, rode hard for a couple of hours. Then, leaving Devaine's plantations to the left, he followed the road on to the beach. After passing along this for nearly a mile be dismounted, tethered his horse, and looked carefully around. For a mile cither way he communded a perfect view of a flat, mud-colored beach, on one side the sea oily and sluggish on on one side the sen, oily and sluggish, on the other a brake of reed and tangled bush and bog. About twenty yards from

this brake a number of large white bold-ers marked the limits of a deadly bot-tomicas quicksand, which ran out to near-

ly low-water mark.

Larry regarded these stones carefully.

No one used that path save Drayton or
the whites staying with him. The natives
had a holy horror of it. Then for a few minutes Larry went to work, and moved the cornerstone of the row which marked that border to which Reger Drayton must approach ten yards further out to sea. He then disappeared into the bush and in two hours reappeared dragging after him six or seven hamboo saplings whose length could easily cover the angle Drayton would probably cross. By the time he had arranged everything to his satisfaction the dawn was broaking. A dip late the sca refreshed him, and then, perceiving in the distance the figure of a horseman advancing, he crauched low behind a boulder and

ing, he cranched low behind a boulder and watched.

Drayton rode, straight for the stone nearest the brake of bish, atterly unsuspecting. For a moment the speed of his horse carried him well into the dangerous sands before he noticed it. He was busy reading, and it was not till he heard the thud and wrenching equish of the horse's hoofs as it attempted to drug its feet free of the sucking sand that he realized what had happened. He gianced round wildly, helplensly. Not a soul was in sight-mothing save the long green roll of the sea, the sickly, sweet smell of the awamps, the "suck-such" of the sand, and the strong tremore of the spanting horse.

He knew perkelly well that in an hour's time, should no help arrive, no trace of him would be left. As a last hops he let himself gifty seatly off his horse and made a dash for the firm around. It was no spect, at the third step he sauk. He felt an irritable scope of mortification as he saw his herse, released of its load, with a valiant effort gather itself together, back, twist, and with a bound scramble into safety.

Suddenly, as though starting from the

arth, a man appeared, drawing after him bundle of bamboos, lashed raft-wise. As a approached nearer Drayton recognized im as Larry Tighe, and velled aloud in

"Thank God you've turned up so lucki-y," he cried, as the other stood on firm

"What the deuce are you doing, man?"

yelled Draylor. "Run the hamboos across, Can't you see I'm sinking?"
"Perfectly! I want a little conversation with you!" repiled Larry, and taking no notice of the other's binsphemous and frenzied comments he pulled out from his pocker a fountain pen and a packet of pa-

"See there?" he went on, phiegmatically, with stony disregard of the other's dumb look of rage. "No. 1: Belease of all the mortgages you hold over Devaine! No the mortgages you hold over Devaine! No 2: My check in full for the money. No 3: My check in full for the amount. When you have sinced the first two, I'll pass you the third and help you out. Will you sign?"
"I'll see you hanged first," roared Drayton his face purple with fury.
"Then you will be sucked slowly into that hungry, black ooze," said Larry, with

For some minutes the silence reigned was attractive.

moke ascending from his pipe in long, piral curves, watching through half-closed lids the sinking man. He wondered whether he would have the obstinate cour-ege to compel him to get him out, his aim unattained. But he allowed no shadow of such a thought to appear on his face.

Meanwhile, Drayton had sunk almost to
the knees. His face was twitching, alternately flushed with range and paled in fear.

"You're a scoundrel!" he screamed, at
length, as Larry's impervious, complacent,
nation; regard me; his.

patient regard met his.
"I know it!" replied the other, in tones studiously humble. "But are you going to sign or be sucked down and down among the little worms?"

The suction was gaining in strength.
Drayton could hardly keep his balance. He was afraid every moment of falling on his Steady me with a pole, for the love of

leaven!' he gasped.

Larry beld out a tough sapling—just be-"Sign " he asked again, in the same

even, callous tone.
"Curse you! Yes!" acreamed Drayton, as, swaying ferward, he clutched the pole.
swaying ferward, replied Larry. "Don't "Sensible man!" replied Larry, "Don't be in a hurry. You shall sign first and get out afterward. I will pass them to you with this forked slip. You will sign and pass them back. Fooling only spells delay."

Dravion received them with a livid face and trembling fingers. As he passed them back and pocketed the check an exulting smile lurked round the corners of his Larry gave him a peculiar grin. "No

witnesses you think, ch?" he remarked, quizzingly. "Now, please, you'll throw the mortgage deeds right out into the sands. Then we shall not want any.

Drayton sullenly obeyed. He had no choice and he was setting terribly afraid. The heavy bundle sucked in by the coze was out of sight in three minites. Then with dexterous rapidity Larry ran out the

bamboo raft along the surface of the quick-sand, so that either end of it rested on the firm ground, "Clasp the poles," he called, "Bend forward! Get your knees on to the cross work! That's right. Now you have only got to crawl along and pick the mud off yourself and in an hour you'll be none the

I'm sorry to inconvenience you. You'll find the check all right." Then, while Dravion climbed fearingly ut, Larry sped round the angle, replaced a its position the corneratone he had mov-d, and regained his horse tethered near

By the time Drayton recovered his tem-per and his mustang Larry was a speck

the distance. in the distance.

That evening there was for in the bung-allow. For Larry, being master of the sit-uation, was formally accepted as mester of Lotus, and joint owner with her father of Lous, and joint owner with her father of the Devaine estates. But neither then, nor when three months later he and Lota were safely married, would be ever divulge the means by which he had persuaded Rager Drayton to yield his mortages. "I set a trap, and he walked right into it." he said, but beyond that he would ever no explanation.

ve no explanation.
As for Prayton, he never told anyone are his solicitor, and that astate man was a tauched by the picture of his raturd licht in such a predicament that he in-alged in a fit of laughter, which so ofded the irate little man that he trans-red his affairs to another office. And elieve it was in a momentary fit of malice that that same amiable, yet jenious at-torney related the story to me.—Basbil Marman in the Strand Magazine,

## INSECTS MADE OF METAL. An Ingenious Device Perfected by

Clever Frenchman. (From the New York Evening Post.)

Did you ever see a copper enterpillar, allver centipede, or a nickel gnat? Yet bese and many similar objects can be erious art is unknown, but it was intre luced into this city by an eccentric Frenchman, who said that he had elab-crated the discovery of some chemists in Paris. Paul Despotte-for such was the

Paris. Paul Despotte—for such was the man's name—declared his secret to be as follows: He first dampened the luckless insect leaf, or flower and then blew on it with a blownipe.

The object thus dusted was placed in an electrolytic bath and upon it the metal was precipitated by the galvanic current. The object was then transferred to a second bath from which all the organic matter. ground ten paces away.

"It is lucky," replied Larry, laconically, and sitting on the sand he began to load shell which remained was slightly heated. hed with some kind of shellae, thing was done. The inventor carried with him quite a collection of these prepara-tions. The most interesting of all were a esquito in gold and a hairy geranium leaf

r copper.
The delicacy of the work was extrato the human eve were seen perfectly yeproduced in metal. The discovery does not seem to have been utilized to may great extent so far as the trade is conerned but has been taken up by many gerned, hit has been taken up by many amateurs. This fall an ingenious girl up-town first covered the lack of her hand with black lead and then plated it with metal. She removed this, which was a perfect cast, and used it as a matrix, in which she deposited a second coat of metal, which she finally mounted on a piece of satin. Her hand, as may be supgrassome, relishing lingering over such | posed, was pretty, and when reprduced in copper made a work of art as novel as it

## The Gambler.

tightly together."

N A ROOM of a Gibraltar hotel sat | with a little sob. "Leaving the regi-Beryl Falkiner, looking white and anxious. A few yards away stood a young man—he was hardly more than a boy, in an officer's uniform. They were the only occupants of the room, and a glance at their faces revealed that they a glance at their faces revealed that they were brother and sister.

The man at her side clenched his teeth. He did not speak, however. The girl turned to him suddenly and touched his arm. Her eyes were flashing.

"This cruel gambling!" she cried. "What do you think of a man who lets a mere boy like Ted play with him until he owes hund.eds of pounds? What do you think of him?" she repeated excitedly.

"I think him a blackguard!" said Drystale, slowly, between his teeth.

"I feel as if I hate that man," she said, lowering her voice, "more than anyone The boy was gazing with a set expression at an open letter he held in his hand. He was deadly pale.

'Every penny of my money will have to go to save the honor of the firm," he read out. "Oh, it's awful! Do you grasp

what it means to you, Beryl?" "I feel as if I hate that man," she said, lowering her voice, "more than anyone else in the world."

Drysdale was still looking out to sea. There was a curious light in his eyes.

"You would never forgive him?" he asked, evenly.

"I loathe a gambler, and he did his hest to make Ted one. He has ruined our happiness. No, I would never forgive him?" she said deliberately.

There was a slight noise a few yards away. They looked up and saw Mrs. Cresfield approaching them. Drysdale rose to his feet. He gazed at Beryl intently. He was very white and his lips were pressed tightly together." "Not so much to me as to you, Ted. dear!" she said bravely. "I shall be able to be a governess or something, but youyou will have to give up the regiment-

The boy sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

His sister went to him and twined her arms about him. "We must think," she said, softly, "that it means more to the dear old father than

anyone else! We shall have to try and do our best to put things straight for | him. I know it will be hard leaving the regiment, but-

"It's not that!" he burst out. "What then, Ted, dear?" she said anx-

ously. He raised his head and turned a white ace to her.

tightly together."
"You are quite right!" he said in a low tone. "He should not be forgiven!"
Then he stepped forward and spoke to Mrs. Cressleid. A few moments later he took his departure. He strode down to the lower road and, hailing a carriage, was quickly rattled back to his quarters. He shut himself in his room and for some time paced up and down restlessly. Then suddenly an idea seized him. A few min-"How can I tell you," he cried brokenly.
"I've been a fool—worse than a fool. I'm
heavily in debt, Beryl, and it is a debt of time paced up and down restlessly. Then suddenly an idea seized him. A few minutes' hard thinking and it was in tangible form. He took up his hat again, and, making his way out, drave swiftly down to the telegraph office. There he despatched a long cable to England, and the man to whom it was addressed was his solicitor.

Early next morning Beryl was walking with her brother. They had wandered She glanced tremblingly at him.

"I've gambled and lost!" he continued, cloomily. "There's a man here who likes ligh stakes—and he holds a batch of my I. O. U.s. Of course, I never dreamed of this horrible thing happening. I cabled to the governor last night, thinking the only result of my folly would be that he'd lame me for my extravagance, "How much do you owe this man?" she

He rested his head on his hands again. His young face was twisted and drawn,
"Five hundred pounds. It's a debt of
honor and it can't be paid! My flod, it
an't be paid!" he repeated between his

of about two hundred tons could be seen chursing its way out of port.

"That's the Gibel Musa!" said Ted suddenly. "Drysdale's on board. He suddenly applied for a fortnight's leave, and has gone boar hunting in Morocco. I couldn't see him, so bad to leave a lotter explaining things."

"Explaining what?" asked Beryl quick-"Five hundred pounds," she said, with

a little gasp. "He let you-a mere boy, play until you owed him that!"
"He did not know but what I could afford it." A bugle rang out from the far end of he town. Young Falkiner sprang to his

I have to go," he said hoarsely. "I'll ome and see you again after lunch." A little later the same morning Capt. Crossble Dryadale was strolling in the Alameda Gardens. He was a good look-ing man of about thirty. He climbed the paths leisurely, apparently deep in thought. Presently his eyes fell on the figure of a girl who was sitting a few yards higher up. He recognized her immediately, and a sudden gleam came into

his eyes.
"Too hot for our old friend Mrs Cres-field?" he asked with a laugh, dropping into the seat beside her. "When is your

Beryl made no reply. He glanced at her and saw that her face was turned to-ward Europe. He noticed that she was very pale, and that her cyclashes were

wet with tears.
"I am very sorry." he said, in a low, sympathetic voice. "If"—he paused hesitatingly—"if I can be of any use."
She turned her head, and their eyes

she had met.
"I should like to help, if I could," he said slowly.
She shook her head. "No one can help!" she said, with a lit-

in a tone of persuasion

The story came to him gradually. Her father was engaged in commerce—the head of a firm of good position. He was getting old, and had allowed his junior The delivery of the work was extra-ordinary. Under a powerful magnifulag ness. Then one day the crash came. It class the little organs which are invisible transpired that, unknown to Mr. Falkiner, his junior partner had been specu-lating wildly-had lost, and in despera-tion had appropriated money belonging to the firm's clients. Finally, he had ab-anded, leaving Mr. Falkiner to weather

the storm as best he could. Drysdule listened to the tale, his eyes staring out to sea. He bit his lips as he realized what it all meant to the girl

terribly lame, but they were the only words he could find.

"But that isn't the worst!" she said,

came around, and he found himself in London again. It was the season, and had he felt inclined he could have had the he feit inclined he could have had the gayest of times, for he was a bachelor known to be extremely wealthy, and accordingly much sought after. But he found the ordinary amusements a bore. He was still thinking of the slight trembling figure with flashing eyes who had sat by his side at Alameda. She was always in his mind, and he wondered what would havened if they were to meet again. would happen if they were to meet again. Then one night he went to a dance given by an old friend of his. He had never cared much for functions of this kind, he cared less now, and as he stood watching the crowded room a feeling of weariness crept over him, and he found himself wishing that he had elected to spend his leave elsewhere than in London. His hosmet. She had only known him a week, yet a kind of mutual understanding had sprung up between them. Somehow he seemed different from the most of men she had met. with a smile.

He suffered himself to be led to the other end of the room. Mrs. Vavasour stopped in front of a couple of girls who were standing chatting together. She touched one on the arm, and she turned No one can note:

No one can note:

No one can note:

No one can note:

There is nothing around.

Drysdale gave a slight start, but instantly necovered himself. Standing better thoughts.

Drysdale gave a slight start, but instantly recovered himself. Standing better thoughts.

Mrs. Vavasour hastily introduced them, then turned away to devote her attention

with her brother. They had wandered down to Ragged Staff and stood watching the bay. In the distance a little steamer of about two hundred tons could be seen

"Oh, he happens to be the man I owe the money to—that's all!" he said bit-terly. He walked a few steps away from

her to get a better view of the vessel.

She remained perfectly still. Then, as
the meaning of the thing came home to

her, she went very white, and a little

Some six months later Drysdale's leave

mean of pain broke from her lips.

elsewhere. Neither spoke for a moment. The music for the next dance started and Drysdale pulled himself together and made the stereotyped request. made the stereotyped request.

She gave him her programme. He hastily examined it, then geribbled something

on it.
"I have taken the next," he said, with

He made his way out to a corridor, and pushing open a window stepped onto a batcony. The blood seemed to dance through his veins. He had met her again -was going to dance with her! What would she say to him? The question re-peated itself endlessly to him as he stood "I am sorry—more than sorry," he said dred twinkling lights, its unceasing roar in a jerky tone at the finish. It seemed of traffic in his ears.

He re-entered the bettroom and found the seemed of traffic in his ears. her. A thrill went through aim as he felt

her arm resting on his. They took a few turns and then their eyes met and she smiled. "I want to talk-to thank you," she whispered.

whispered.

They stopped dancing and he led her out to the balcony. They did not speak for a second. Then she turned and laid a hand lightly on his arm.

"I found it out a month ago!" she said, 'even though you meant it to be kept a secret. There's not another man in the world would have done it!"
"It was nothing!" he realled. "I am really the gainer. I merely took £20,000

of my money which was in coupous and invested it in your father's firm. I now get 4 per cent instead 2 2-4." "That is your way of putting it!" she exclaimed. "You saved him from ruin and

disgrace-enabled him to resume his old osition. How can I ever thank you?"
He gazed into her face.
"It was only reparation!" he said. "Never in my life have I felt such a blackguard as I did that morning at Ala-meda. Ever since the thought of a card has sickened me."

"I was very hard—very cruel!" she nurmured. He looked at her intently. He saw a swift wave of color sweep over her check. Then her eyes slowly lifted and met his. Suddenly he bent forward and caught hold of her hand.

"I'm gambling again!" he cried. "Gambling for love!" He looked entreatingly at her. He saw her lips smilingly frame an answer. The gambler had won.-Gilbert Doyle.

Water Has a Thanksgiving Holiday.

In several of the towns of North Wales the Harvest Thankshiving Day is observed as a general holiday, and Thanksgiving rvices are held in all the places of worship. In most places collections are made toward the building fund or some other religious cause, and some degree of ri-valry exists as to which chapel or church collects the largest amount during the day. In the small town of Pwilh il the to-

FEEL . **经验证的** A Fenture of the Midway, Pan-American Exposition.

Nearly \$3,060,000 will be required to con-proper impressions of Oriental customs in Asia. While looking through these sections equip the "Midway" at the and manners of living. He will have plentions visitors may easily imagine them. The properties of the series of the ancient city. Pan-American Exposition, which opens at Buffalo, N. Y. next May. The greatest is the series that would appeal the counterpart of which they are visit-"Wait for me, darling," said Larry, and dived in alone. The interview was a long one It began stormily, and dived in alone. The interview was a long one It began stormily, as Lotus could hear; then she heard Larry's voice, excited and rich in brogue. After this eloquent outburst the voices lowered, and Lotus heard no more. But within half an hour Larry and Mr. Devance mastery of the man who leads round the bear at the Zoo.

"Lotus, me darling," said Larry, baving much that nir of complacent mastery of the man who leads round the bear at the Zoo.

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"Lotus, me darling," said larry, and dived in alone. The first seed to the season of the submitted to fraud or extortion so long as he remains upon the Exposition, which opens at the counterpart of which they are visited in the strangest terms to people accusation the content of the mode to western eividiation, a holy may for many rest assured, the managers and share Desert nemals will live in their interesting characteristic and worn pligrims who will constantly around worn pligrims who will constantly around verify and Sahara Desert nemals will live in their interesting characteristic may rest assured, the managers in the various may rest assured, the managers who will constantly around the visit may never plagrims who will constantly around the visit may never plagrims who will constantly around the visit may never plagrims who will constantly around the visit may never plagrims who will constantly around the visit may never plagrims who will constantly around the visit may n